SOME PERSONAL TRAITS-HOW MEN LOVED HIM, AND WHY-HIS KINDLI-NESS AND CHARITY-THE CHARM

OF HIS RELATIONS WITH SAMOA AND ITS PEOPLE-CURIOUS COMMENTS ON HIM, AND SOME CURIOUS ESTI-MATES AND COM-PARISONS -- HIS IN-DIVIDUALITY.

London, December 18. In almost everything that has been written on Stevenson since his death, there is the note of affectionate regret. It is plain that he was loved, not by his friends only, but by his readers, who, indeed, became his friends. He had an attaching personality, and he put so much of it into his books that one who knew his books well felt that he knew the man well. I have no other title to say anything about him than that which springs from this kind of distant intimacy. I never knew him personally, nor ever saw him. I wish I had. But I have known those who knew him, and they, one and all, spoke of him in a way which men very seldom

use toward another man. One of these private friends of Stevenson described to me years ago a visit he had made to the man he loved at Bornemouth. Stevenson was supposed to be dying. "It is really going down to bid him goodby," said he who went on that melancholy errand. On his return, his face told the story. He had seen his friend:

"We had very little talk. He was too weak to talk. He lay on his bed, and nothing but his eyes seemed to be alive. It is a question of days or possibly of weeks. But his cheerful serenity, his quiet fortitude, his gallantry, his thoughtfulness about others-1 cannot speak of

And the tears stood in his eyes as he described the scene. There is a letter in "The Times," signed H., which is a suitable pendant to it:

"Seven years ago I lay ill in San Francisco, an obscure journalist, quite friendless. Stevenson, who knew me slightly, came to my bedside, and said, 'I suppose you are like all of us; you don't keep your money. Now, if a little loan, as between one man of letters and another-ch?" This to a lad writing rubbish for a vulgar sheet in California!"

I don't know that anything can be added to that. It can be no surprise to any one who has read those books of Stevenson in which he reveals most of himself. There are many of them, many with direct autobiographical passages. But such books as the "Inland Voyage" and the "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes" show on every page the kindliness of the man. He is at home with every one whom he meets, and most at home with the humblest. His singular refinement of nature never expressed itself in mere avoidance of what was less refined. He did not hold aloof. Who but Stevenson, in his state of health, holding on to life by a thread, would have crossed the Atlantic in the steerage or the Continent in an emigrant train? He did it, say those who think most of his literary fame, in search of experiences and of material. Perhaps he did, but I always thought the unavowed motive was one of sympathy with steerage passengers and emigrants, and the wish to make others sympathize. At any rate, you cannot read his account without seeing that he was touched by the sufferings which he voluntarily shared, and that he relieved his own by relieving others.

It was the same in Samoa. He won the love of to them and they to him. He fought their batamong them as one of themselves, and that here at least was a white man who had not come to Samoa to make money out of them or to oppress them,-no, nor even to preach at them, but, so far as he was concerned, to adopt them into the brotherhood of mankind. Samoa was to him Mr. Colvin: the promised land, or rather the land which mised him health and the power of work. He said to her chiefs:

thile I live and my grave after dead; and I love the people, and have chosen them to be my people to live and die with."

He trusted them and they him. In his intercourse with them there was neither pretence nor patronage. With these children of the South Pacific Stevenson was a child; wiser and stronger than they, but with the simplicity and genuineness which children have, and few others have, -the greatest excepted. We have all read of the ceremonies with which the late Emperor of Russia was borne from Livadia to Petersburg; ruler to his grave. It was a pageant not unworthy of an Emperor. And not unworthy of Stevenson was the homage of the natives of grams that he was haunted by the fear of Samoa, who cut a pathway for his coffin through the dense forest of the mountain side, and bore him to the lonely summit, where he was buried; with the moan of the ocean as his requiem for all

Such a nature as Stevenson's needs no certificates from anybody, but it is interesting to see what is said of him on the personal side by men whose strongest side is certainly not the personal. I will quote two, Mr. Edmund Gosse and Mr. Andrew Lang. "When he was struggling and unknown," says Mr. Gosse, "as some of us remember him, he was always modest, gay, loyal, always respectful to accomplished merit, always merry under defeat, always pathetically grateful for each crumb of success. When celebrity came upon him his modesty knew no abatement; he never took himself seriously, never adopted pontifical airs, never lapsed into the fatuous egotism of the popular favorite." These last are points on which Mr. Gosse is as good a witness as a civil engineer in a patent case. Mr. Lang, who is reputed to have a power of taking detached views, says: "His was a heart full of charity and affection, kind, honest, much suffering, valiant. A good man as well as a writer of unequalled charm, a patriot, a hero in his quiet way." This, again, is the testimony of one who is thought able to keep his feelings under re-

Stevenson was not priggish, says Mr. Gosse. Most certainly he was not. But does Mr. Gosse think his attestation necessary to reassure the public mind on that point? He might as well declare that Stevenson was not a housebreaker. But the subject of prigs and priggishness is one which involves peril, or may involve peril. I once heard it stated at a dinner-table: "What is a prig, and who are prigs?" The man who put the question and three others sitting by were all notoriously of that species. If you had asked anybody in London to select specimens, these men would have been named first. And not one of them suspected it. From which it may be argued that it is of the essence of priggishness that the prig should be unconscious of his misfortune. And, as I said, the further inference is that it is dangerous to introduce the subject un-

provoked. And comparisons are dangerous. Why should Stevenson be likened to Montaigne? The admirable Frenchman was before all things a Stevenson certainly was not. Certain qualities the two had in common, but they were not differentiating qualities. The bent of Montaigne's mind was to the most serious matters. He is a critic of philosophy, of religion, of Not so Stevenson. In pure literature, hardly any two men are wider apart. Stevenson treated literature as an art, Montaigne as a vehicle of thought and a means of imparting his thought to others. Stevenson's fault as a writer is over-elaboration; Montaigne's-if it be a fault-that he was colloquial. "I know not not a Scotsman for nothing. He has precision,

less written. It is the language of conversation which are of the period, and chief among them transferred to a book.' So that whether you regard substance or form, Montaigne and Stevenson are unlike each other, remote from each other, and with totally different conceptions of logic is inflexible. His feet are just as firmly life and of how it ought to be lived. And Mon-planted in Fairyland as among the rocks and taigne is one of the two or three greatest forces in French literature. To say that Stevenson is one of the two or three greatest forces in English literature would probably seem even to Mr. Gosse not defend. He thought it doubtful whether his fame to put him beside that colossal figure of the It is this closeness of grip, this unflinching adsixteenth century in France.

"He had more common-sense than any Frenchbut that it was not his dominant belief. understood the man. A critic who solemnly pronounces a laborious panegyric on such a man as tion of methods; in other words, style. accurate one.

tions, which the Englishman has not. But at as Mr. Gosse, for I might have left Mr. Gosse un- wrote, noticed, which would perhaps have been wisest. He stands in no particular relation either to Stevenson or to the critical thought of the time. But I write as a journalist, and a journalist is not expected to concern himself with these higher considerations, nor will anybody care whether he does not vo!

Ways to be brief—those were his primary anisation. Afterward came color and picturesqueness, and the rest. He had, as he says, a wager with himself, and he won it.

The best anecdote in Rudolf Lebmann's Carlotter of the primary anisation.

But I take it that if criticism whether of the

MR. SIDNEY COLVIN'S ACCOUNT OF HIS LATER MOOD-STEVENSON'S PLACE IN LITERATURE - HIS SPIRITUAL

KINSHIPS-HIS TWO CHIEF FAILINGS-HIŞ IMAGINATIVE AND LITERARY LIFE-HIS LITERARY METHODS AND THE LESSON OF THEM. London, December 19.

Far different from the lucubrations of either Mr. Lang or Mr. Gosse is the letter of Mr. Sidney Colvin in to-day's "Pall Mail Gazette." Mr. the two is not invariable or inevitable. Colvin's aim is different. His is a letter meant That is a kind of literary tour de force which would have pleased "the brilliant spirit which has just passed away." What Mr. Colvin has to tell us is that his friend of not desire length of days; that death has overtaken him at such a time and in such a manner as ne would himself have wished. He always hoped for an early and sudden death. During the last twelvemonths this wish had grown upon him. Says Mr. Colvin:

"I have no tagte for old age; he treated by total and a penny version-hook would be in my hand, to note down the features of the scene or commemorate some halting stanzas. Thus I lived with words. And what I thus wrote was for no ulterior use; it was written consciously for not once mentioned in Mr. Colvin's half-column. | toiling at his trade; the islanders by loving them. He was devoted | That is a kind of literary tour de force which ties in Europe. Of that they probably knew has just passed away." What Mr. Colvin has to tell us is that his friend of not desire length

"I love the land. I have chosen it to be my meant to die young, and the gods do not love It is plain that he was doing more than learn me.' And again, 'I do not like the consolations to write; he was learning also to observe. And

What it is much less pleasant to hear is that he went on working and overworking for more for the young journalist. If he have in him the money. He had a large income, but spent large- making of a man of letters, well and good. If he ly; buying land, building, planting, leading ever be foredoomed to live and die in a newspaper a hospitable life, and ever giving. So it was office, he may still practise these simple rules that he felt himself bound to the necessity of with great profit to himself and to his readers. A continual production. He would listen to no great artist like Stevenson he may never become; warnings. Nature's or other. And he dies from | they are never many, the great artists, but he will brain pressure, brought on by overwork. Only learn to handle his tools. There are other ways the other day one of his friends was rejoicing in which he may learn; this is one. He may note that Stevenson, unlike Scott, would never teel also that Stevenson was born with an instinct earning money. It is said in one of the tele- and use of words. If he had taken no pains he

cism is not the strong point of those English writers who act most directly on the public opinion of the time. There were partial verdicts and hesitating verdicts, and not long ago, in a perodical of repute, you might have seen Stevenson spoken of in the tone which Mr. Traill uses lar book. It is as when the life-work of a painter is collected into a gallery. So seen and so judged, Stevenson takes a place apart, immense variety of his writing produces its due

The variety of his writing was due to the variety of his mind. English he was not, modern he was not. He escaped the limitations of race and of time. A follower of Dumas, of Scott, said the critics, time and again. He said so himself, out of an anxious loyalty to those whom he recognized as masters in literature, if not his masters. At times he was a follower, or began by being a follower, if that word is to be used. It is far truer to say that he drank at those fountains, or in a French phrase which is as accurate as French phrases in matters of criticism commonly are, il s'inspirait at those sources. If he had imitated Dumas or imitated Scott, he would never have been Stevenson, There would have been no "Treasure Island." still less a "Kidnapped," or a "Master of Ballantrae."

The last named book itself supplies the one criticism which Stevenson's greatest admirers must admit to be true. It would probably be his masterpiece but for the grotesque ending, and there is often in Stevenson an element of the grotesque, or of the sangrenu-the French word again expressing the defect more exactly. This ran away with him when he lost control of it. I suspect he was conscious of his own failing. I seem to remember that he has commented on it, but I cannot remember where. So, on the whole, "Kidnapped" remains his masterpiece. There his genius is to be seen at its best, or, at least, in its most perfect and flawless expression.

Perhaps it will presently be thought not the least of his merits that in a prosaic age he was a writer of romance, and that the influences amid which he lived had not extinguished his imaginative genius. Romantic, imaginative-those are the two words which express qualities and states of being the most remote from us as we near the end of a scientific century. Stevenson was not of his own time, yet of his own time he takes possession as one who comes to his rightful inheritance. No doubt he profited by the influences to which he never submitted,-he was

anywhere," says Emerson, "the book that seems sense, a lucid method, and many other things

a knowledge of the value of evidence him his premise you grant him the whole. His logic is inflexible. His feet are just as firmly planted in Fairyland as among the rocks and heather through which Alan Breck conducts David Balfour. He said himself of "Treasure" of the new coincider and Sir Arthur Sullivan, pro-David Balfour. He said himself of "Treasure Island" that there was but one incident he could one-legged hero could have climbed the stockade. herence to the laws he lays down for himself, this fashion for verisimilitude, and his unwearied man who ever lived," says Sainte Beuve of Mon- pains in working out every problem mechanically and mathematically, which in part explain his

If, taking for granted the great gifts of imagromantic, poetic and perhaps above all heroic ination and poetic invention, one were asked to and adventurous-those were the characteristics name in addition to his veracity one other trait which Stevenson's friends thought pre-eminently on which his fame depends, I should say distinchis-the friends who really knew him and really tion. He had-and the two by no means always quez is engaged, and for whose rescue he

Then we touch the ultimate reason. He might other than a merely literary view; and that lit- have had all the rest and if he had not had style, erary view, as we have seen, a perverse and in- all might have been unavailing. He was quite aware of it. He described in well-known It is not easy to find a formula which ade- passages the pains he took to learn to write and quately expresses so brilliant and many-sided what kind of pains; what mistakes he made and a nature, nor is it necessary. A Frenchman might how finally he found the right road. If he never do it. He has the genius of formulas and defini- served a seven years' apprenticeship to any master, as did Guy de Maupassant to Flaubert, least the Englishman may refrain from bracket- he tolled at his own trade for near seven times ing Stevenson with the one Frenchman whom he seven. His whole life from boyhood to his death least resembles. I am nearly as great a sinner was spent in learning to write. He wrote and re-To be clear and to be expressive and always to be brief-those were his primary alms,

"Artists' Reminiscences" is of Thackeray, But I take it that if criticism whether of the higher or lower kind, is content to attempt a positive and not comparative estimate of the real qualities of a writer, posterity may be trusted to determine his relative place among predecessors and contemporaries alike. The means of judging and not a judgment are what the public solicits, or is likely to accept. Of what avail is it to weigh Stevenson and Thackeray in the same scales? Stevenson himself had a nice critical faculty and would have been the first to see the futility of any such process. Let the great dead sleep in peace. There is no occasion to ask Thackeray to lie a thought more nigh Montaigne in order to make room for Stevenson. The world after all, is not ungenerous, nor, in the long run, unjust. It does not narrow the entrance to its Temple of Fame, which indeed is but a tomb, nor close the doors of that Paradise which we call importability. Statement of the tax of the had learned to read English from his "Vanity had learned to read Lebmann, a German by birth, told Thackeray he studious and experimental habits of Stevenson guihis reader knew it. The sentences grew under his pen like so many Tensies.

Stevenson could have described to you every process and stage of the structure of each sen- Unfortunately. Incz and the bulcons tence and of each passage, for he had the rhythm, not of the sentence only, but of the page, and the sense of balance and proportion, on a great scale, as Fronde also had, though all unconsciously. The young writer may pender on and all ends merric. page, and the sense of balance and proportion, on that; unless he happens to be a journalist, in which case perhaps he had better not. The conditions of Journalism and of Literature are not the same, and are probably irreconcilable unless when Journalism is practised in the leisurely way, which does sometimes make Literature in Journalism possible, for example, in France, Renan is the final proof that the divorce between

I will quote once more the familiar passage in to bring consolation to Stevenson's friends and which the author of the admirable "Familiar to the public. It is remarkable that his name is Studies of Men and Books" describes his early

"I have no taste for old age," he wrote last spring, when he realized that his life might, after all, he prolonged to the normal span. I was meant to die young, and the realized to the normal span. I had vowed that I would learn to write.

broad as is the line between Journalism and Literature, every word of this passage is of gold waning popularity. That also may have spurred him on. His pride was touched, imaginary as was the fear.

So long as he lived, Stevenson's position in literature might seem uncertain. A large criticism is not the strong policy. did not seek to know the secret. With an occative faculty, he had the critical faculty and he put it at the service of the creative. Few can do that. A critical chill too often stops the flow of blood in the veins, and congestion follows. In Stavenson's case there was no congestion, there Stevenson's case there was no congestion, there was but the inevitable suggestion—occasionally inevitable—of the artificial rather than the artis-

It does not spoll his popularity either with the toward the Minor Poets, of whom he numbers fifty or sixty. His death compels the most careless writer to take a survey of his work; to judge him as a whole, and not by this or that particular back. It is a whole, the Manney of noid he won every vote." Very likely Mr. Lang means a fling at Mr. Arnold, at whom he often has a fling; but never mind. Let Matthew Arnold stand as the impersonation of modern English criticism. He, too, was both poet and critic. But I will end as I began. All Stevenson's art was subsidiary. Beyond it all, above it all, was the beautiful nature which expressed itself in his art the more completely because his art was so complete, yet which was of itself and in itself beautiful, and with or without art would have won the lasting affection of all who knew the man and of all who read his books.

G. W. S.

COLORED SOCIETY IN WASHINGTON.

From The Philadelphia Press.

There is a distinct upper class among the colored population of Washington, entrance into which is as difficult as to New-York's "Four Hundred." It is composed of men and women of high education and considerable wealth, although wealth is not a requisite to admission into the exclusive circle. There are lawyers, physicians, architects, ministers, teachers and members of nearly every profession represented. For the most part they attend one of two churches, where fashion governs religion, as it does in the swell white congregations of the city. They have high-priced preachers, well-paid choirs, finely-equipped buildings, and altogether are just as exclusive in their manner of worship as they are in their social pursuits. The scene at one of these fashionable colored churches on a Sunday morning is interesting and instructive. Carriages roll up to the door, drawn by prancing horses and glittering with polished steel and gilt. Men and women descend who are dressed in the extreme fashion, and who wear their fine clothes as though they were accustomed to them. It is not an infrequent occurrence to find the coachman of one of these turnouis to be a bewhiskered Irishman or Englishman.

This upper crust of colored society has its swell. From The Philadelphia Press.

these turnouts to be a bewniskered trismman.

This upper crust of colored society has its swell balls, afternoon teas and other social functions. There is no attempt to ape customs or manners of the whites, and no attempt is made to intrude in their society. It can also be said that the intrusion of whites is not tolerated in the colored circle. The educated colored men and women are proud of their attainments, and are as averse to a mixing of the races as the whites themselves. It should be said, however, that the edite of the colored population are of mixed blood. There are few pure-blooded negroes among them.

MOLLIFIED.

From The Indianapolis Journal. "Oh, Jaggs," protested Mrs. Lushforth, "I did so hope you would come home sober to-night."
"Glad I didn't," thickly responded Mr. Lushforth. "It is worth the effort of gettin' tanked any time to be able to see 'zgoodlookin' woman 'zyou are double."

THE RESPONSIBLE PERSON.

From The Indianapolis Journal "When I get to heaven," said the small boy who has but lately begun the study of Genesis, "the first thing I am going to do is to hunt up Adam and give him a licking."

"THE CHIEFTAIN."

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S NEW OPERA.

The plot may be thus briefly summarized: Mr. Peter Grigg goes for a photographic excursion in

the Spanish mountains, where he is captured by a band of brigands, whose chieftain has disap-peared. The law of these gentry is that if the chieftain does not return within a certain time. any stranger arriving in their midst on a given day is elected ipso facto chieftain, and becomes I don't mean that the Scot was deficient in com- hold upon the reader and the reader's power of the affianced husband of their chieftainess. Under Grigg accepts the inevitable. He is at once established as the afflanced husband of Inez de Roxas, the chieftain's deserted wife. The gang has captured, and holds prisoner pending ran Rita, a young English lady, to whom Count Vastures disguised into the robbers' den. Having sent the ransom, he and Rita are released, leaving poor Grigg with the ladrones. The Count then sending money for Grigg's ransom, the poor man is released on parole. Inex and the leading lanes go disguised in search of their missing chieftain, Ferdinand, who is trying to quit To avoid recognition, Ferdinand assumes the dis-



GRIGG AND THE HAT. of a courier, in which capacity he falls in with and conducts Mrs. Grigg, who has come to search for her missing husband. The parties meet with and conducts Temple of Fame, which indeed is but a tomb, hor close the doors of that Paradise which we call immortality. Stevenson will find entrance and find his right place. He will take it not because of his similarity to some other, but because of his individual merits,—because he is Stevenson.

G. W. S.

on this one point. Each knew best what he could do best, and how. But Stevenson is the ins newly married wife, are also staying, on their honeymoon. The unhappy Grigo world to exhibit take as a pattern. Froude, again, knew here to make the sevent of his own style any more than not the secret of his own style any more than not hear the secret of his own style any mor him get out of the difficulty. This they do by etling a cock-and-bull story in which poses as a hero, and his wife is thereby satisfied their temporary chief, whom they blacktaail under threat of exposure to his lawful spouse. The play opens with a profty set showing the



DANCE OF LADRONES.

comes well out of the inevitable comparison with previous Cilbertian operas. As regards the music, though perhaps somewhat disappointing in the first act, in the second it is generally very good, and quite equal to Sir Arthur Sullivan at his best.

A STRANGE RECOVERY.

From The London Spectator.

To return to a coincidence to recovery, we are tempted to supplement our contemporary's budget by a story which is quite as remarkable as any that have littlered appeared in its columns, and which to the best of our belief and recollection, happenel absolutely as we reliate it. A bought a clearatte-case in St. Petersburg, which he gave to it in England, after having the latter's tribials engraved upon it. This cigarette-case, together with some other property, was stolen from B by his native servant in Cevion. Some years afterward, A, while visiting an od-siliver shop in St. Petersburg, came upon the cigarette-case again. The coincidence was curious, but, when one has sobsely reckoned up the chances against its occurrence, it will be found not a very unlikely one, after all. And yet there are people, we believe, who, putting together several cases of a similar character, would like to find in them a proof of some mysterious agency working toward some unseen and mysterious end. From The London Spectator.

A FRENCH SLEEPING WOMAN, From the Paris République Française.

From the Paris République Francaise.

At the little village of Thenelles, near St. Quentin, there is a sleeping woman who is alleged to have been asleep for no less a period than twelve years. Her name is Marguerite Bouyenval. Twelve years are Marguerite, then a young and beautiful girl of twenty-one years of age, was delivered of a child, which died almost immediately after its birth. Some of the village gossips would have it that the child had been murdered, and so persistent were the rumors that at length a police magistrate determined to investigate the matter. Accompanied by a couple of policemen, he called on the young mother. At the sight of the policemen she fainted away, and it is alleged that ever since she has been in a cataleptic state. Only once when needles were stuck in her flesh, has she ever uttered a sound during that time. The doctors have tried in vain to awaken her by means of electric batteries. She is artificially fed four times a day with pepsin and milk. It is said that offers have been made to her family by enterprising showmen in France and America, who want to exhibit her publicly.



TOPICS IN PARIS.

MEN OF THE TIME.

BURDEAU AND DE LESSEPS-THE DUKE OF OR-LEANS NEGLECTED-A NEW PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETE DES GENS DE LETTRES. Paris, December 20.

Memories of the death of the Duc de Morny which occurred nearly thirty years ago, have been vividly recalled during the last week by the demise of M. Auguste Burdeau. Both breathed their las; in the palace known as the Petit Bourbon, and while holding the office of President of the Lower House of the National Legislature. Moreover, just as Napoleon III was the last person to see his half-brother alive, so was M. Casimir-Perier the last one to bid farewell to his tried and trusted friend, M. Burdeau. There is an old saying in Europe to the effect that when a sick man is visited by the head of the State his case is indeed hopeiess, and that death follows in the train of the distinguished caller. The great Taileyrand, when dying, refused to make his peace with the Church until the ceremonious.

There has been a regular procession of people. his peace with the Church until the ceremonious visit of King Louis Philippe had convinced him that the end was really at hand. The three knocks with the halberd on the marble floor with which the gorgeously apparelled "suisse," or hall-porter, of the Petit Bourbon gave notice of the arrival of the Emperor may be considered as having constituted the death-knell of the Duc de Morny, and when on Tuesday afternoon last the people present in the palace heard the coming of the President of the Republic announced in a similar manner they prepared for the worst. No greater contrast can be imagined than that which existed between M. Burdeau and the Duc de at Compostella, where Count Varquez and Rita, Morny. Each may be considered as having embodied the peculiarities of the epoch in which he lived, and of the regime of which he formed so conspicuous a part-for in spite of the President of the Chamber of Deputies occupying only the third place in orde, of precedence, coming Grigg after the President of the Senate, yet he is invariably possessed of a far greater degree of power, influence, prestige and importance than the former. The Duc de Morny was the son of a Queen and the acknowledged natural brother of his sovereign, whereas M. Burdeau was the son of a poor silkweaver, and began life as a carpenter's apprentice. The manners of the Duke were those of a grand seigneur, the perfection of tact and of high-bred savoir-faire, whereas those of M. Burdenu gave evidence of his very humble rigin. The latter, however, leaves behind him a reputation for sterling honesty and unblemished honor and integrity, dying poor, while the Duc de Morny left an immense fortune, notoriously accumulated by means that were questionable in the extreme, his name being synonymous for everything that was cynical in an unscrupulous and nefarious use of State secrets for personal

> of gratification to all true friends of France. That M. de Lesseps should likewise have died so poor as to leave his large family entirely dependent upon the annuities voted to them a year ago by the Sucz Canal Company has served to smooth away any remaining bitterness on the part of the victims of the Panama Canal disas ter against the chief organizer and promoter of the unfortunate company. Indeed, sorrow for the death of "Le Grand Français," and sympathy for his widow and children are so deep and universal that the press of every shade of political opinion is teeming with abuse of the President for not giving some public manifestation of his participation in the loss sustained by the nation in the demise of M. de Lesseps. People forget, however, that the President of the Republic is not his own master, that he is far more tightly bound down by red tape, convenionality, precedent and etiquette than any monarch or royal personage, and that he is not free to follow the dictates of his feelings and the impulses of his heart. It is to this, and to this alone, that was attributable the apparent indifference on the part of President Carnot at the time of the obsequies of Marshal MacMahon, when all chiefs of State gave public manifestations of their sorrow, save France's Executive, who did not even postpone the entertainment and festivities at the Elysée on the day of the funeral; and it is to this, too, that is due the absence of any token of regret by President Perier among those which the demise of M. de Lesseps has called forth from every crowned head in the civilized world.

> profit. With all that, the Duke was just as nec-

essary and indispensable to Napoleon II. as M.

Burdezu was to M. Casimir-Perfer-if M.

cessor at the Palais Bourbon it is because the

present Government is more honest than that of the Empire. Each of these two Presidents of the

Chamber had been the men of their time, and that M. Burdeau should have left behind him so

splendid a name for honor and integrity speaks

well for the present regime, and must be a source

Burdeau was more honest than his to

Very marked is the indifference which the presence of the Duke of Orleans at Brussels has called forth in circles here formerly known as monarchical. Finding the people who constituted his father's followers strangely reluctant to cross the Channel, he determined to take up for a short time his abode in the Belgian capital, with the avowed purpose of fecelving any of the adherents of his cause who might choose to call upon him. The preparations which he made for this reception were on a most elaborate scale, he having hired the entire first floor of the big Hotel de Flandree for the purpose, and having summoned to his side the Duc Decazes and other, young Frenchmen in order to do duty as chamberlains and gentiemen in waiting during the reception. Instead of his adherents flocking in large numbers, as expected, barely thirty responded to his invitation, the only one of any importance being the old Duc de Broglie. In fact, the whole reception has fallen flat, proved a dismal flasco, and served to impress upon everyloody the fact that the monarchical sentiment died out in France with the demise of the Comte de Paris. If additional proof of this were needed, it would be the utter indifference manifested by the press and by the puble with regard to the sayings and doings of this young and inexperienced pretender, who has done nothing to make himself a favorite with the people, and does not even endoy the reputation for respectability which constituted the main stronghold of his father upon the hinds of a large section of the French bourgeoise.

Aurelian Scholl, who has just been elected President of the Société des Gens de Lettres, the most important literariy organization in Paris, is, lathough of provincial birth, the typical Parislan who imparts to his literature all that lightness, that wit, that anusing cynicism and bagoo in the form the hinds of a large section of the French bourgeoise.

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his home in the clubs and famous cabarets. Somewhat of a swashbuckler, he prides himself in believing neither in God nor in the devil, and passes for a cynic who has no illusions and to whom nothing is sacred. His writings have been most prolific. Not only has he published numerous novels, but I have also known him to be writing simultaneously for no less than twenty papers. He has also figured as a newspaper proprietor and editor, his strangest venture in that respect being "La Najade," an india-rubber print intended for bathers and meant to be read in the water. But it is as a chroniqueur that he is best known, and so fond is he of his profession that when Gambetta, who was exceedingly fond of him and an intimate friend, offered him the lucrative post of Consul-General at Antwerp, he declined it rather than leave his beloved Paris. He joined the ranks of the Boulangists at one time, but only remained with them for a few days. On finding that their programme was, in his opinion, subversive, he courageously wrote as much to the papers, saying that he liked Boulanger very much but that he liked France more, that as a lad he editor, his strangest venture in that respect be-

journalism will suffer an irreparative loss.

There has been a regular procession of people during the last week to the council of state for the purpose of presenting petitions for permission to change their patronymics. In each case they have borne the name of Dreyfus, a very common name, especially among those of Alsatian and to change their patronymics. It allowed have borne the name of Dreyfus, a very common name, especially among those of Alsatian and Hebrew descent. The fact is that the name of Dreyfus has become covered with so much opprobrium, first by reason of the court-martial against Captain Dreyfus of the headquarters staff for treachery, and secondly by the arrest of Editor Camille Dreyfus, of the "Nation," for blackmailing, that persons bearing this name have been actually dismissed from their employment or subjected to ostracism and contumely, although in no wise related to either of the two prisoners. There is even a case on record of a leading tradesman here who has just broken off his daughter's engagement solely on the ground that her flance's name of Dreyfus was overshadowed by too much disgrace.

A WHITE SLAVE.

FATHER, ROSSIGNOLI'S ESCAPE. \

Cairo Letter to The London Graphic. I was introduced to Father Rossignoli by Major Wingate the day after his arrival in Cairo. The father came into the room bent, ill, and weak, still suffering from the effects of his terrible rush for life through the desert; he was in that dazed condition which a man must be in when, after months of overstrung nerves, anxieties, risks of capture, death by beheading, or perishing of hunger or thirst, he at last finds himself in the midst of civilization and plenty. Repeatedly he had to be asked to take a scat before doing so, for in one day it is difficult to grasp the idea that you, who have for fifteen years been a captive, slave, the mental of savages, are at last equal with those around you. As he sat in front of me with his hands folded, sitting on the very edge of the chair as if afraid to seat himself comfortably, he gave me the idea that he was still in mind in the Soudan, that this was only a delusive dream about his escape, and that he would soon wake up smarting with the blows of the lash which awaked



FATHER ROSSIGNOLL

him for years. His eyes seemed to wander round the place trying to decide whether he was not laboring under some optical delusion. He had the greatest difficulty in finding words in his mother tongue-Italian-to express the simplest sentences, and at once reverted to Arabic, prefacing each reply with the term of salutation with which be had for years replied to the questions of his cap-tors. When told that a great English paper wished to publish his portrait, he merely smiled acquies-cence-bowed his head as if to the inevitable, and as though he had no power to refuse.

It was a study to see the changes which came over Father Rossignoli's face when he donned once again the robes he had escaped in, while the photograph was to be taken by one of those red coats whose coming had been so anxiously looked forward to eight years ago; the features changed at once, the eyes glistened, and now, for the first time, he seemed to realize that he really had escaped, that



MAJOR F. R. WINGATE, D. S. O.